

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistis Ursula, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry, since I percei'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & know our Means: And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues To looke with forehead bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File To five and twenty thousand men of choice: And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose boosome burnes With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My iudgement is, we should not step too farre Till we had his Assistance by the hand.

For in a Thame so bloody fac'd, as this, Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed It was young Hotspur's case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope, Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply, Flatt'ring himselfe with Proiect of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre, Indeed the instant action; a cause on foot, Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring, We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruites, Hope giues; not so much warrant, as Dispaire That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build, We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the Erection, Which if we finde out-weighes Ability, What do we then, but draw a new the Modell In fewer offices? Or at least, desist To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe, And set another vp) should we suruey The plot of Situation, and the Modell; Consent vpon a sure Foundation: Question Surueyors, know our owne estate, How able such a Worke to vndergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or else, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Vsing the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through) Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for charlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth) Should be still-borne, and that we now possesse The vniuersall man of expectation:

I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand? Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolfe, For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)

Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one against Glendower: Perforce a third Must take vp vs: So is the vniuersall King In three diuided: and his Coffers sound With hollow Poverty, and Emptiness.

Ar. That he should draw his feuerall strengths together And come against vs in full puissance Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither? Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland: Against the Welsh himselfe, and Harrie Mowbray.

But who is substituted against the French, I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:

And publish the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice, Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted: An habitation giddy, and vnure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applause Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing Bullingbrooke,

Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires, Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,

That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp. So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard,

And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp, And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times? They, that when Richard liu'd, would haue him dye,

Are now become enamour'd on his graue. Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head When through proud London he came sighing on, After th'admired heeles of Bullingbrooke,

Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd) Past, and so Come, seems best; things Present, worst. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on? We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gone.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. Fang, haue you enter'd the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?

Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, wher's Snare?

Hostesse. I, I, good M. Snare..

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Host. I good M. Snare, I haue enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will soyne like any duell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Host. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitiue thing vpon my score. Good M. Fang hold him sure: good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continually to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and hee is indicted to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smoothes the Silkmán. I pra'ye, since my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A too. Marke

is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin sub'doff, and sub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to beare e- uery Knaues wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe. Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose Bardolfe with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang, & M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter? Fang. Sir Iohn, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. Quickly. Fal. Away Varlets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.

Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou wilt thou thou bastardy rogue! Murder, murder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a hony-seed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolfe. Fang. A rescue, a rescue. Host. Good people bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil- larian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. Enter. Ch. Iustice. Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, ho.

Host. Good my Lord be good to mee, I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Iust. How now Sir Iohn? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke.

Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?

Host. Ohr Grace, I am a Red at my su-

Host. It is I haue, he hat-

put all my su-

haue some of like the Mare

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Ch. Iust. F-

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Host. Ma-

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